THE LYRIC

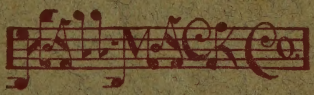
JOSEPH W. YODER

M
784.1
Y54ℓ

ASSOCIATED MENNONITE BIBLICAL SEMINARIES
MENN. HIST.
LIBRARY

Grace Wilde

for
SCHOOLS, INSTITUTES
ACADEMIES, SEMINARIES
etc..
by
J. W. YODER
& H. J. TAYLOR



HALL-MACK CO.
PUBLISHERS
21st and ARCH STS.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FOR PRICES SEE INSIDE

collated
lacks p. 33-48

The Lyric

A Collection of

49 New Songs
21 Community Songs
12 Standard Hymns

also

Patriotic Selections
Nature Songs
Glees, etc., etc.

ASSOCIATED MENNONITE BIBLICAL SEMINARIES
MENN. HIST. LIBRARY

PRICE	EAST of the Mississippi	WEST
One Copy,	15 cents, postpaid	15c.
One Dozen Copies,	$1.65 postpaid	$1.80
Fifty Copies,	$6.25 postpaid	$6.75
One Hundred Copies,	$12.50 postpaid	$13.50

HALL-MACK CO.
PUBLISHERS
21ST and ARCH STS.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Copyrighted MCMXXI, by Hall-Mack Co.
International Copyright Secured.
Printed in U. S. A.

M
784.1
Y54L

The Star-Spangled Banner.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY. SAMUEL ARNOLD.

Maestoso.

1. O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight, O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming?

2. On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep, As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?

3. O thus be it ever when freemen shall stand Between their loved home and wild war's desolation;
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation!

cres.

And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glory reflected now shines o'er the stream:
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just, And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"

ff CHORUS. *rit.*

O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
'Tis the star-spangled banner, O long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

SAMUEL F. SMITH. HENRY CAREY.

1. My coun-try! 'Tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
2. My na- tive coun-try, thee, Land of the no - ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees, Sweet freedom's song; Let mor- tal
4. Our fa-ther's God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing: Long may our

fathers died! Land of the pilgrim's pride! From ev- 'ry mountain side Let free-dom ring.
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills: My heart with rapture thrills Like that a - bove.
tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound pro-long.
land be bright, With freedom's ho - ly light; Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

M24196

A Country Life For Me.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. A life beneath the clear blue sky, Where gay - ly breez - es blow, Where woodlands
2. A life where bounteous harvest fields Are gleam - ing far and wide, Where or chards
3. A life where e'en the win-ter's reign To mer - ry mo-ments calls, When o'er the

ALTO AND BASS

wave their leaf - y boughs, Where wand'ring breezes blow, Where sil - v'ry brooks are
roy - al treas-ure yield, O'er all the coun-try - side, Where au - tumn's touch can
moun-tain and the plain, A snow-y man - tle falls; A life of hap - pi

SOP. AND TENOR. PARTS

hast'ning on, To seek the si - lent sea, Where days are bright, where hearts are light
turn to gold, Or scar - let, ev - 'ry tree, A life so sweet, a life com plete,
ness and cheer, With days of sun-ny glee, The whole year round, what joy is f und.

REFRAIN

A coun - try life for me! La la, ... La la la, La

La . . . . . .

La la la la la la la la

la . . . . . La la la la la . . . . la la . . . . A coun-try life for me!

la . . . . . .

la la la la la la la la la la

Copyright, MCMXXI, by Hall-Mack Co. International Copyright Secured.

Night of Moonlight.

S. B. S.

S. B. Stambaugh.

Gavotte.

On hill and dale the moon is beam - ing, Her silver shafts of light are stream-ing,

Thro' tree and bush in patch-es gleam - ing, Like frosted is - lands in the sea; . . . .

The birds of night to mates are sing - ing, In cadence sweet their songs are ring-ing,

Fine.

The mu- sic of the night is bring - ing Enchanted scenes for you and me.

Faster. ff *accel.* *rit.* *mf* *Slower.*

Go to the mead-ows and chase the shad-ows Of floating cloud-boats sailing in the sky;
Go to the hill - side and then the rill -side, And watch fair Luna gen-tly drawing nigh;

Copyright, MCMXXI, by Hall-Mack Co. International Copyright Secured.

Faster. *ff* *accel.* *rit.* *mf* *Slower.* *D.C. al Fine.*

Joy-ous to ram - ble thro' paths of bram-ble, When shades of night are passing by.
O wondrous pleas-ure, joy without meas-ure, When shades of night are passing by.

Good-Morning!

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. J. LINCOLN HALL.

* Good - morn - ing! Good - morn - ing! Good - morn - - ing!

1. The ban - ners of the dawn un-furled, Are glow - ing o'er a wak - ing world,
2. By breeze of morn the leaves are stirred, On high the song of lark is heard,
3. The ros - y gates of morn un - fold, Now shines the sun with ra - diant gold,

The mead - ows all with dew are pearled, A day a - new is given.
O car - ol sweet of rap - tured bird, A day a - new is given.
The light, the joy - ous light be - hold, A day a - new is given.

* *rit.* Good-morn - ing! Good-morn - ing! Good - morn - ing! Good - morn - ing!

* May be sung by Soprano and Alto; the response by Tenor and Bass.

Copyright, MCMXXI, by Hall-Mack Co. International Copyright Secured.

The Mill-Wheel.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. J. LINCOLN HALL.

(*Hum.*) (*Hum.*)

1. La la la la la la la la, list the song, Turn ing still, goes the mill; La la la la
2. La la la la la la la la, turn and turn, Round and round, hark the sound; La la la la
3. La la la la la la la la, o'er and o'er, Mu- sic sweet, still re peat, La la la la

la la la la, all day long, Turns the tireless wheel; La la la la la la la la,
la la la la, 'mid the fern, Turns the toiling wheel; La la la la la la la la,
la la la la, as of yore, Turns the steadfast wheel; La la la la la la la la,
la la,

(*Hum.*)

hour by hour, La la la la la la la la, grinding flour. Toiling ev - er, ceas-ing nev- er,
list, O list, La la la la la la la la, grinding grist, Plashing plashing, spray is dashing,
turn-ing still, La la la la la la la la, sings the mill, Humming, humming, grist is coming,

REFRAIN. *a tempo.*

La la la la la la la la la. . . . Thy mu-sic blends with rip - pling
La la la la la la la. La la la la la la la

stream, . . . Where bending blos soms sway and dream; . . . O mill-wheel
la la la la la, La la la la la la la la la la la la la.

Copyright, MCMXXI, by Hall-Mack Co. International Copyright Secured.

rit.

Toil - ing ev - er, ceas - ing nev - er, La la la la la la la la la. . . .
La la la la la la la.

CODA *After last stanza*
Gradually slower and softer.

pp

rall. *p*
La la la la la la la la la la.
la la la la la la la la la la

Who is Sylvia?

SHAKESPEARE. FRANZ SCHUBERT.

Moderato.

1. Who is Syl - via? What is she, That all our swains commend her?
2. Is she kind as she is fair? For beau - ty lives with kind ness.
3. Then to Syl - via let us sing, That Syl - via is ex - cel - ling:

Ho - ly, fair, and wise is she; The heav'ns such grace did lend her
To her eyes love doth re - pair, To help him of his blind - ness,
She ex - cels each mor - tal thing Up - on the dull earth dwell - ing,

That a - dor - ed she might be, That a - dor - ed she might be.
And, being heal'd, he there doth well, And, being heal'd, he there doth well.
Gar - lands to her let us bring, Gar - lands to her let us bring.

Laugh a Little Bit.

Elsie Duncan Yale. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. When you're feel ing somewhat blue, Laugh a lit - tle bit! Don't let trou - ble
2. Joy's a ton - ic, yes, in - deed, Laugh a lit - tle bit! Fun is what we

con - quer you, Laugh a lit - tle bit! Clouds are sure to blow a - way, Skies aren't
each one need, Laugh a lit - tle bit! Turn the dark clouds in - side out, Find some

Fine.

al - ways dull and gray, Laughter light-ens all the way, Laugh a lit - tle bit!
fun to laugh a - bout, Just a smile will help you out, Laugh a lit - tle bit!

D S.—Smil - ing thro' what e'er you do, Laugh a lit - tle bit!

Refrain.

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha Laugh a lit-tle bit! Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

Ha ha ha,

D.S.

Laugh a lit - tle bit! Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha Show you have some grit.

Ha ha ha. Ha ha ha,

Copyright, MCMXXI, by Hall-Mack Co. International Copyright Secured.

At Sea.

SUSAN COOLIDGE. ALFRED JUDSON.

1. The wind is like an arm - ed foe, Drawn up to bar the way, The strong seas smote us blow on blow, The decks are lash'd with spray; The decks are lash'd with spray; High crest- ed tow'r a - bove the ship The waves with lips a - foam,
2. The dear West beck - ons from a - far With gold gleams in her eyes, The glint - ing stars fa - mil - iar are High hung in clear cool skies, High hung in clear cool skies, We send an answ'ring smile for smile Up to the air - y dome;
3. Sweet hope which leads the dull, long hour, And makes it light to bear, Sweet wait - ing welcome which has pow'r To make the dark seem fair, To make the dark seem fair, Sweet hands held out a - cross the sea To reach us where we roam;

rit.

a tempo.

But wel- come ev - 'ry plunge and dip That brings us near - er home. But wel come ev - 'ry plunge and dip That brings us near - er home. . . . . .
And wel- come ev - 'ry wea - ry mile So it but bring us home. And wel come ev - 'ry wea - ry mile So it but bring us home. . . . . .
We can bear hard - est things since we Have turn'd our face t'ward home We can bear hard - est things since we Have turn'd our face t'ward home. . . . . .

rit. a tempo.

1. Brings us near - er home.

Copyright, MCMXXI, by Hall-Mack Co. International Copyright Secured.

Coasting Days Are Come.

S. B. S. S. B. STAMBAUGH.

UNISON.

1. There are shouts of ju - bi - lee up - on the air, There's a snow-y car - pet
2. "Sunny" Jim and John and Dan and lit-tle Ned Mar guer - ite and Ma - ry,
3. Voic - es blend in sweetest mu - sic all a- round, 'Neath the sil- ver moon a -

laid a-round the door, And the mer - ry bells are ring-ing ev - 'ry-where, hurrah!
Jane, and El - ean - or, Crowding close up - on a swift ly fly - ing sled, hur-rah!
wheel - ing up on high, Snowy diamonds gleam and sparkle o'er the ground, hurrah!

CHORUS. TWO PART.

Glid - ing,

For the coasting days are come once more.
For the coasting days are come once more.
Twinkling stars are peeping from the sky;
} Glid ing, glid-ing, o'er the ice and snow,

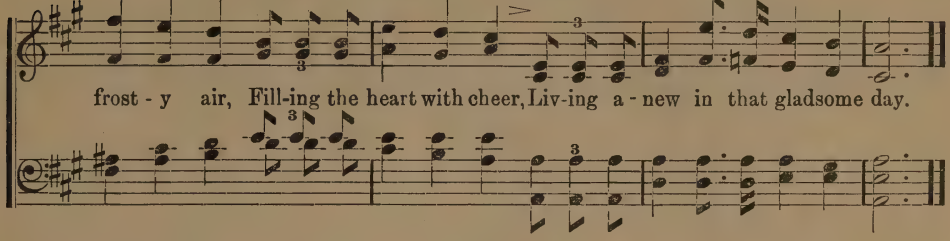
Glid - ing, 1 Ech - oes,

Glid-ing, glid ing, gay ly to and fro, Joy-ous ech oes of the coasters glee

2 PARTS.

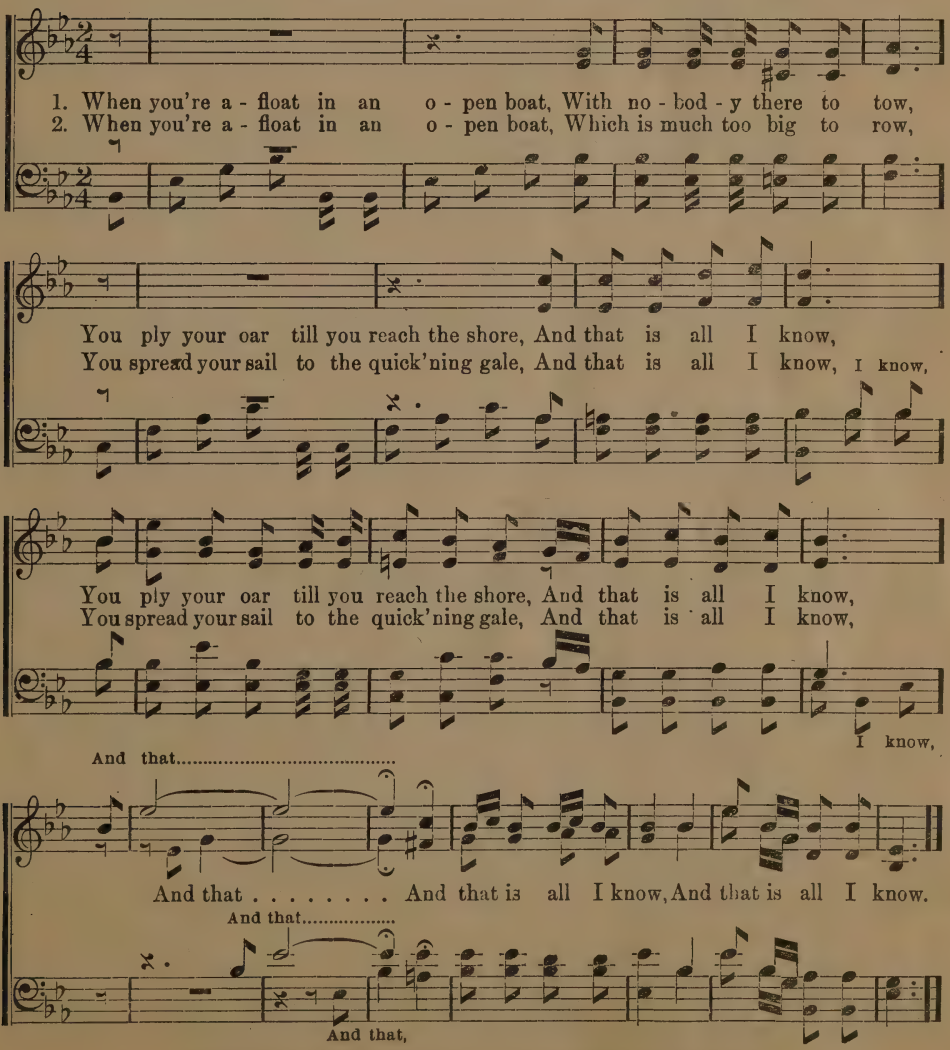
an - swer far a - way. gay - ly to and fro. Bath-ing in

Copyright, MCMXXI, by Hall-Mack Co. International Copyright Secured.



When You're Afloat.

J. Lincoln Hall.



Copyright, MCMXXI, by Hall-Mack Co. International Copyright Secured.

The Air Patrol.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. ALFRED JUDSON.

Sprightly

1. A - way, a - way, on soaring wings, a - way, a - way! A-way, while loud the
2. A - way, a - way, o'er mountains steep, a - way, a - way! From flaming dan-ger
3. A - way, a - way, o'er woodlands green, a - way, a - way! Where oak and spruce and

a-way, a-way!

mo - tor sings, a - way, a - way! When skies are sunny or dark clouds roll, A - way, a-
woodlands keep, a - way, a - way! Fly far, o'er val-ley, o'er plain, or knoll, A - way, a-
pine are seen, a - way, a - way! The lurk-ing dan ger so swift control, A - way, a-

a-way,

way, 'tis the air pa-trol! A - way, a - way, a - way, a- way, 'tis the air pa - trol!

REFRAIN. UNISON

Guard the wood-land by day and night, Guard the wood-land on wings of light,

Faster.

PARTS.

Speed so swift-ly to seek the goal, A - way, a - way, 'tis the air pa - trol!

a-way, a-way,

Copyright, MCMXXI, by Hall-Mack Co. International Copyright Secured.

Flower Bells.

C. Austin Miles. Adam Geibel.

Sops. and Altos. Unison.

1. Bells of yes-ter-year, Did ye dis-ap-pear? "For a-while ye saw us not."
2. Bells of long a-go, Tell us what you know. "God is just the same to-day."

Male Voices

Sops. and Altos.

Have ye come a-gain, Deck-ing hill and plain? "Had ye thought that God forgot?"
Is it faith you sing, Faith in God the King? "Faith and trust are ours for aye."

Male Voices.

Parts.

'Neath the win-ter snow We to slum-ber go 'Til we hear the summer's call,
God His word will keep, If we wake or sleep, We are safe with-in His care;

:S. rit. Fine

Then each flow-er bell Ris-es quick to tell God in love is reign-ing o-ver all.
So the flow-er bells, Each an-oth-er tells, "God in love is reign-ing ev'rywhere."

D.S.—flow-er bell Ris-es quick to tell God in love is reign-ing o-ver all.

Chorus. *D.S.*

Flow-er bell, Flow-er bell, What is this that ye tell? Then each
Flow-er bell, Flow-er bell, What is this that you tell?

Copyright, MCMXXI by Adam Geibel Music Co. International Copyright Secured.

The Grasshopper and the Miller.

S. B. S. S. B. STAMBAUGH.

Schottische.

(THE MILL. . . . . .)

1. A grass-hop-per sit-ting on a weed one day, Remark'd to the mil-ler just a-
2. So mad was the mil-ler at the nas-ty trick, He threw at the hop-per with a
3. And then thought the miller of an-oth-er plan, He sent out a no-tice un-to

cross the way, What will you do with all the grain you buy? I'll give it to the
doz-en brick, Come, said the hop-per, I'll ex-plain this thing, A chew-ing his to-
ev-'ry man, All come to-geth-er and the case de-cide, But-the mat-ter was-n't

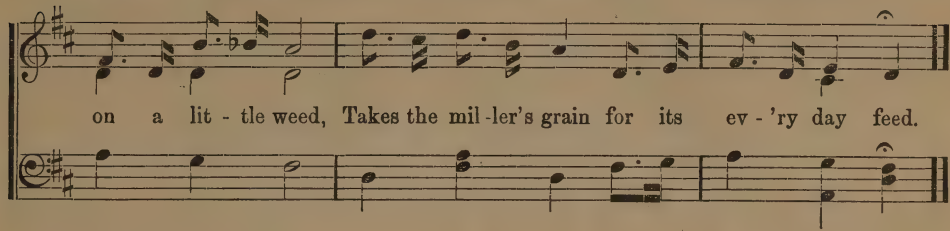
CHORUS.

hop-per was the mil-ler's re-ply.
bac-co he be-gan to sing.
set-tled, for they all re-plied.

1–2. Give it to the hop-per, did you say?
3. Give it to the hop-per, they did say,

Put it in the chopper, grind it all a-way, So the hop-per, with its chopper, sitting

Copyright, MCMXXI, by Hall-Mack Co. International Copyright Secured.



Old Glory, We Love Thee!

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. "Afton."

Moderately fast. *Louder.*

1. Old Glo - ry, we love thee! Our emblem so true, The flag of our Un - ion, the
2. Old Glo - ry, we love thee! Thro' tumults and wars Thou ledst us to vic- t'ry, with
3. Old Glo - ry, we love thee! Thy col - ors shall be Emblazoned with splendor, from

:S:

red, white, and blue: We hail thee, we bless thee, the pride of our land, And
stripes and with stars; We hail thee, we praise thee, for long thou hast stood, For
sea un - to sea; We'll keep thee, we'll hold thee, and ne'er let thee go, And

D.S.—Glo - ry, and long may she wave, The

FINE.

loy - al for - ev - er to thee will we stand. Old Glo - ry, we love thee! And
all that is no - ble and hon-ored and good. Old Glo - ry, we love thee! And
wreathe thee with laur - els, thy tri-umphs to show. Old Glo - ry, we love thee! Wave

sym - bol of free- dom, the flag of the brave.

Louder. CHORUS. *D.S.*

blest is the breeze That waves thee in triumph o'er mainland and seas.
hearts ev - er-more Shall thrill to behold thee on o - cean and shore.
proud-ly on high! Thro' thee will we conquer, yes, conquer or die!
} Then here's to Old

Autumn Song.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN. ALFRED JUDSON.

1. No clouds are in the morn-ing sky. The vapors hug the stream, Who says that life and
2. A - long our path the woods are bold, And glow with rife de - sire, The yel - low chestnut

love can die In all this northern gleam? At ev - 'ry turn the ma-ples burn, The
show'rs its gold, The sumachs spread their fire; The breez - es feel as crisp as steel, The

quail is whistling free, The partridge whirs and the frosted burrs Are dropping for you and me.
buckwheat tops are red, Then down the lane, love, scurry again, And over the stubbles head.

REFRAIN. *Faster.*

Hil - ly ho! Hil - ly ho! Hil - ly ho! Hil - ly ho! Hil - ly ho!

Hil - ly ho! Hil - ly ho! Hil - ly ho! Hil - ly ho! Hil - ly ho! Hil - ly ho! Hil - ly ho!

Copyright, MCMXXI, by Hall-Mack Co. International Copyright Secured.

At Evening when I Go to Bed.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN. ELLA MATTHEWS GODFREY.

mf

1. At evening when I go to bed I see the stars shine o-ver head;
2. And oft-en when I'm dreaming so, A - cross the sky the moon will go;
3. For when at morning I a - rise There's not a star left in the skies;

They are the lit - tle dais-ies white That dot the meadows of the night.
It is a la - dy sweet and fair Who comes to gath-er dais-es there.
She's picked them all and dropped them down In - to the meadows of the town.

Copyright, MCMXVII, by Hall-Mack Co. International Copyright Secured.

My Bed is Like a Little Boat.

ROBERT L. STEVENSON. ELLA MATTHEWS GODFREY.

p Moderato.

1. My bed is like a lit - tle boat, Nurse helps me in when I em -
2. At night I go on board and say Good-night to all my friends on
3. All night a - cross the dark we steer, But when the day re - turns at

rit.

bark. She girds me in my sail - or's coat And starts me in the dark.
shore. I shut my eyes and sail a - way And see and hear no more.
last, Safe in my room be - side the pier I find my ves - sel fast.

Copyright, MCMXVII, by Hall-Mack Co. International Copyright Secured.

Hearing Things at Night.

C. Austin Miles. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. Talk a-bout your see-ing things at night! That's nothing to what your hear:
2. Ev - 'ry lit - tle noise will make you jump, And frighten you most to death!
3. Wish I had some eye-lids on my ears! O wouldn't I shut them tight!
4. In the morning what a fun - ny change! In daylight how brave you feel!

Things you wouldn't notice in broad day-light, Like a clock that's tick-ing near,
Something in your bosom goes thump, thump, thump! 'Till you scarce can get your breath.
I don't care for an- gels a - stay - ing near When I'd rath-er have a light.
Gone the scar - y nois-es, that sounded strange, In the darkness they seemed real.

Sound so loud and shrill That they give a chap a chill, So's he nev - er, nev - er
You're so scared and still That you'd give a dol - lar bill Just to know you ev - er
O the cat's soft tread Walk-ing on the roof o'erhead, Makes an aw - ful, aw - ful
But the bright daylight Drives a - way the drear - y night, And you're sure you'll be all

will feel right At night! At night!
would feel right At night! At night!
noise all night— At night! At night!
right at night! At night! At night!

Copyright, MCMXXI, by Hall-Mack Co. International Copyright Secured.

CHORUS. *ff* *8va.* *ff* *8va.*

Oo! . . . . . What's that? Oo! . . . . . What's that? Hur-ry in-to bed!

(Calling, as if frightened.)

Cov-er up your head! And call for your Mam-ma! Mam-ma!! Mam-ma!!!

Slowly.

Too scared to think, So you "holler" for a drink—I don't want to sleep all by myself!

While the Morning Bells.

Sicilian Hymn.

1. While the morn-ing bells are ring-ing, We to Thee our songs would raise,
2. When the night was fold-ed o'er us, Heav-y dark-ness shut us in;
3. Thanks to Thee, O heav'n-ly Fa-ther, For Thine all-pro-tect-ing arm;

Thank-ing Thee for Thy pro-tec-tion, Lift-ing to Thee notes of praise.
But we slept in peace-ful qui-et, Thou our might-y guard hast been.
Thro' the day, we pray Thee, keep us Free from e-vil, safe from harm.

20 Better Times are Waiting 'Round the Corner.

C. R. F. CAROLYN R. FREEMAN.

SOLO. *Brightly.*

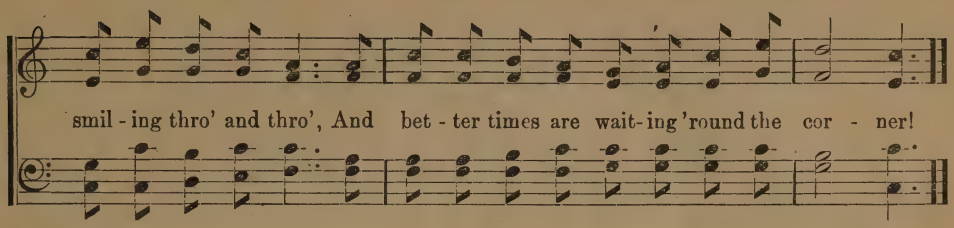
1. It's queer how man-y trou-bles come to make us pine and fret, That the things we've never want-ed are the things we seem to get; While the ones for which we're longing have a way of sneak-ing by, Tho' we sel-dom ev-en know the reas-on how or why.
2. Suppose some cloudy morning everything should go dead wrong, When your heart was sad and gloom-y, and your face so ver-y long, If that dear old man, Good Fortune, then should hap-pen by your place, Why, you'd never know him if you met him face to face.
3. Now don't for get this dear old man is bu-sy ev-'ry day, So just keep a good, sharp look out, for he's somewhere on your way; And whene'er he comes a knock ing, be on hand to let him in, Sim-ply lift the latch and greet him with your broad-est grin.

CHORUS. PARTS.

1, 2. But When you're feeling lone-ly, and when you're feeling blue, When all the meanest wor-ries come a-creep-ing af-ter you; They just can't seem to get you if you're

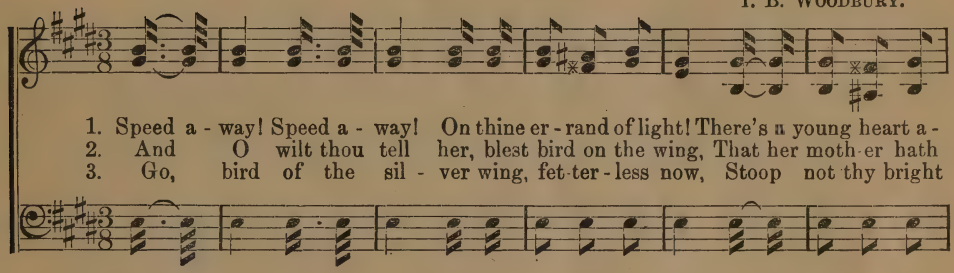
3. Then, etc.

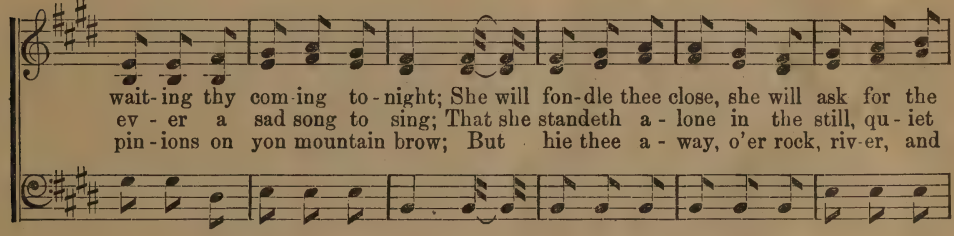
Copyright, MCMXXI, by Hall-Mack Co. International Copyright Secured,

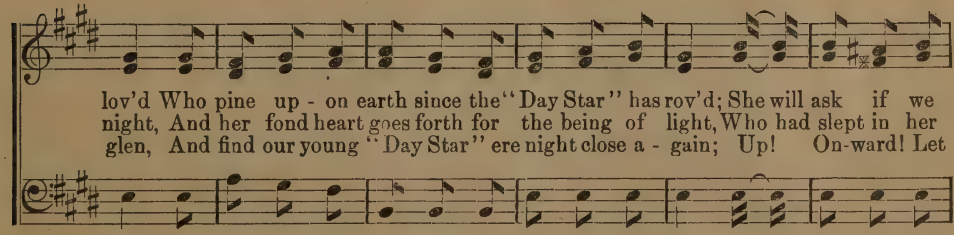


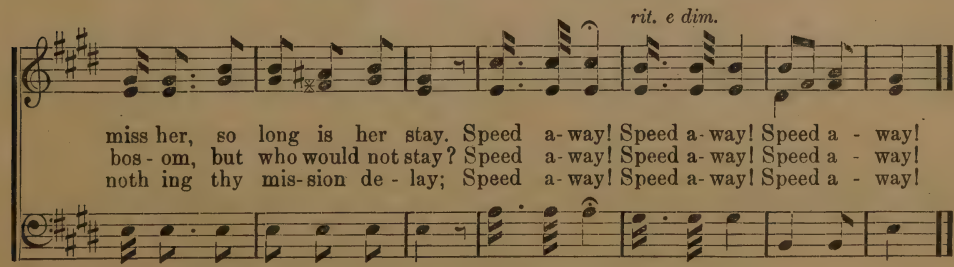
Speed Away.

I. B. Woodbury.









Homeward.

GRACE GORDON. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Twi-light a gray veil is weav-ing, Sun in the west sink slow, Schoolmates and
2. Bus-y the day with its du-ty, Glad with its pleasures bright, Sun-set is
3. Homeward the twilight is call-ing, Brightly the home-lights burn, Shad-ows of

CHORUS.

playmates we're leaving. Back to our homes we go.
glow-ing in beau-ty, Tell-ing of com-ing night.
even-ing are fall-ing, Back to our homes we turn.
} Home-ward, home-ward,

twilight is call-ing us homeward; Homeward, home-ward, back to the hap-py cheer,

Back to the hearts so dear; Home-ward, home-ward, turning from work and from

play-time; Home-ward, home-ward, twi-light is call-ing home.

Copyright, MCMXXI, by Hall-Mack Co. International Copyright Secured.

Twilight Bells.

A. A. Payn. John J. Thomas.

1. When the shades are veil - ing Earth and sea and sky,
2. Night can - not be hid - ing From the watch-ful care
3. He who trusts un - wav - 'ring, God who reigns o'er all,

Bells of even - ing peal - ing Tell that night is nigh.
Of our God whose mer - cy Keeps us ev - 'ry - where.
Fears naught when the twi - light Shad - ows round us fall.

Chorus.

{ Ring, ring, bless - ed twi - light bell,
{ Ring, ring, o - ver vale and hill,

1

Ring, ring, rest your notes fore - tell;

2

In the care of God our Fa - ther Rest we, still.

Copyright, MCMXXI, by Hall-Mack Co. International Copyright Secured.

Hike Along.

GRACE GORDON. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. For a long, long hike we go, Hike a - long, hike a - long! While the breez-es
2. O we hike with ea - ger feet, Hike a - long, hike a - long! And we haste with

A-long, a-long;

gay - ly blow, Hike a - long, hike a - long! For the glad, glad scouts are we,
steps so fleet, Hike a - long, hike a - long! Thro' the wind-ing wood-land ways,

A-long, a-long!

And we sing in mirth and glee, Hike a - long so cheer-i - ly, Hike a - long, a-long!
In our happy school-time days, Where the sunlight sheds its rays, Hike a - long, a-long!

a - long,

* TWO-PART CHORUS. (*May be used as four-part.*)

With a cheer-ful voice we sing, Hike a - long, hike a - long!

A - long, a - long!

Hap - py scouts are we, with joy and glee, Hike a - long, then hike a - long!

* The lower notes are the melody and are to be sung by the school. The upper notes, (small) may be played, sung by a few selected voices, or the high voices. In the latter case, the lower notes (melody) are sung by the low voices.

Copyright, MCMXXI, by Hall-Mack Co. International Copyright Secured.

Smile, Smile, Smile.

C. R. F.

CAROLYN R. FREEMAN.

Brightly.

1. There's something quite pe-cu-liar a - bout this world of ours. Sometimes you live in
2. Sometimes you meet with peo-ple who al - ways act so blue, They don't like this, they
3. And so like birds and sunbeams, we should be cheer-y too, And try in ev-'ry

sun-shine bright, sometimes you live in show'rs; But if you would keep happy when
don't like that, no mat - ter what you do. They nev - er are quite suit- ed with
sin - gle thing our ver - y best to do. Then drive a - way ill - tem-per, for -

things are looking bad, Just lift the corner of your mouth and make believe you're glad. And
a - ny-thing you say, And when you start to do a thing they want a diff'rent way. But
get to frown or pout, For Mr. Grouchman's waiting 'round to catch you, just lock out. So

CHORUS.

1

{ Smile, smile, smile, and keep right on a-smil-ing; Smile, smile, smile, and clouds will
{ Smile, smile, smile, it's bet-ter far than

2

pass a - way, pin-ing, You nev- er mind the shadows on a sun - ny day.
(*After third verse.*) And soon you'll see the sunbeams stealing down your way.

Copyright, MCMXX, by Hall-Mack Co. International Copyright Secured.

The Last Rose of Summer.

THOMAS MOORE. Irish Air.

1. 'Tis the last rose of summer, Left bloom-ing a - lone; All her love-ly com - pan-ions Are fad - ed and gone; No flow - er of her kin-dred, No rose - bud is nigh, To re-flect back her blushes Or give sigh for sigh.
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem, Since the lovely are sleeping, Go sleep thou with them; Thus kind - ly I scat - ter Thy leaves o'er the bed, Where thy mates of the gar-den Lie scent - less and dead.
3. So soon may I fol-low, When friend-ships de - cay, And from love's shining cir - cle The gems drop a - way; When true hearts lie with-ered, And fond ones are flown, O who would in - hab-it This bleak world a - lone!

Juanita.

CAROLINE NORTON.

Andante.

1. Soft o'er the foun-tain, Ling'ring falls the southern moon, Far o'er the mountain, Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eye's splendor, Where the warm-light loves to dwell,
2. When in thy dreaming, Moons like these shall shine a-gain; And day-light beaming Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re - lent-ing, For thine ab - sent lov - er sigh,

Juanita.—Concluded.

Wea - ry looks, yet ten - der, Speak their fond farewell! Ni - ta, Jua - ni - ta!
In thy heart con-sent - ing To a pray'r gone by? Ni - ta, Jua - ni - ta!

Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni - ta, Jua - ni - ta! Lean thou on my heart.
Let me lin - ger by thy side! Ni - ta, Jua - ni - ta! Be my own fair bride.

Home Again.

MARSHALL S. PIKE.

D.C. 1. Home a-gain, home a - gain, From a for-eign shore! And O it fills my soul with
2. Hap - py hearts, happy hearts, With mine have laughed in glee, But O the friends I loved in
3. Mu - sic sweet, mu - sic soft, Lin-gers round the place, And O I feel the child-hood

FINE.

joy, To meet my friends once more. Once here I dropped the parting tear, To cross the
youth Seem hap - pi - er to me; And if my guide should be the fate, Which bids me
charm That time can-not ef - face. Then give me but my home-stead roof, I'll ask no

D.C.

o - cean's foam, But now I'm once a- gain with those Who kind - ly greet me home.
lon - ger roam, But death a - lone can break the tie That binds my heart to home.
pal - ace dome, For I can live a hap - py life With those I love at home.

The Lesson of the Sun.

C. R. F.

CAROLYN R. FREEMAN.

1. Ear - ly in the morn-ing when I'm sleep - ing, A sunbeam bright comes
2. But one morn I woke and heard a pat - ter, Like lit - tle rain-drops
3. So when storms a - rise and I feel fear - ful, When trou - bles come that

soft - ly, gen - tly peep - ing, And then it starts a steal-ing, slow-ly creep - ing,
go - ing spat-ter, spat - ter; And look'd to find out what could be the mat - ter,
tempt me to be tear - ful, There's just one thing that al-ways makes me cheer - ful,

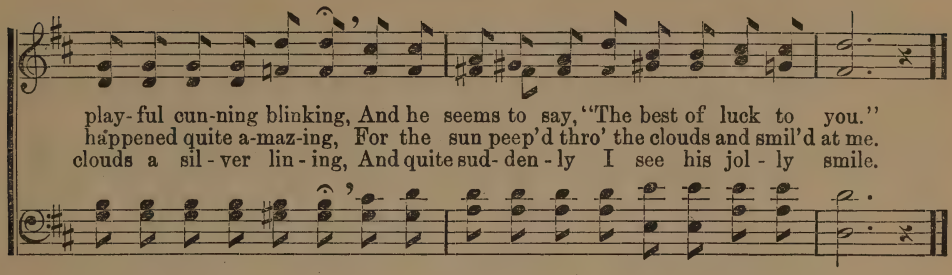
CHORUS

And the first thing that I know I'm wide a - wake. Now there's something rather
For my dear old friend, the sun, was not in sight. Then the world seem'd ver-y
'Tis the les - son that was taught me by the sun. For I know he's on - ly

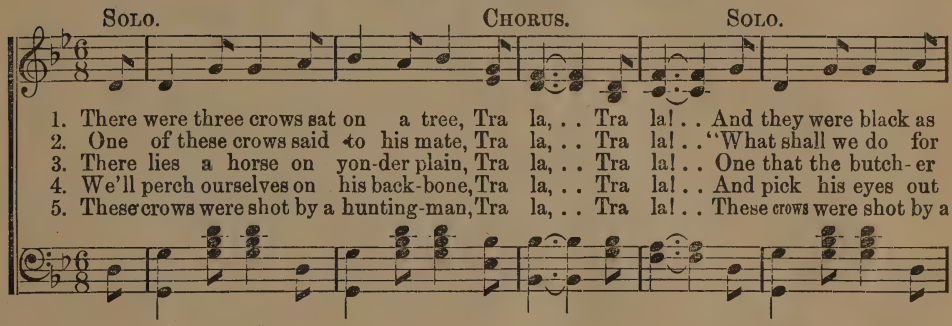
fun - ny, or it looks that way to me, For the rogu - ish sun up
lone - ly, and the day was dark and drear, Not a sign of cheer a -
hid - ing, and he's wait - ing there for me, Though a cloud has come be -

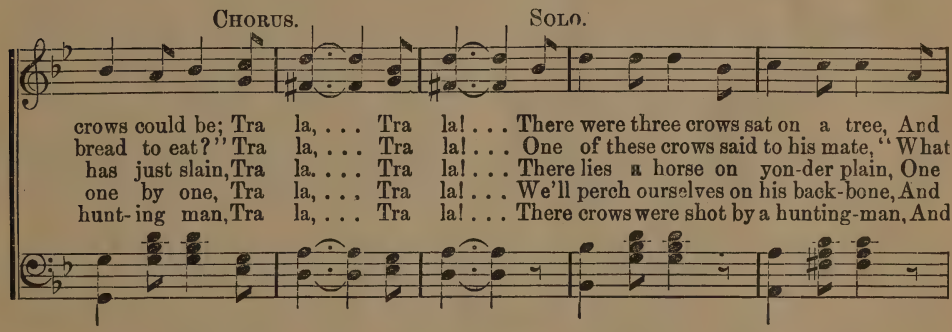
in the sky of blue, ... Just keeps sly - ly, shrewdly, wink - ing with a
round me could I see; . . . . . But while I was sad - ly gaz - ing, something
tween us for a while; . . . . But I find he's al - ways shin - ing, giv - ing

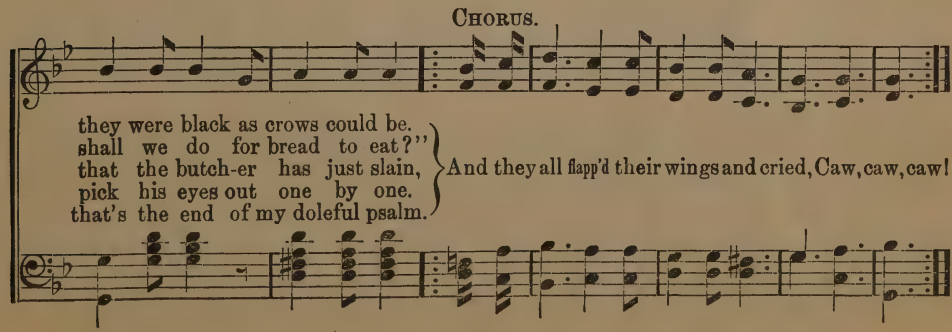
Copyright, MCMXXI, by Hall-Mack Co. International Copyright Secured.



There Were Three Crows.







Columbus Crossed the Ocean.

GEO. W. ALLOWAY. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Co - lum-bus cross'd the o - cean, In search of a new world, He sailed from sun-ny
2. George Washington, the he - ro, And our first Pres - i - dent, Fought long for In - de-
3. O Lin-coln was the lead - er In war 'gainst slav-er - y, He laid the firm foun-
4. Our ar - my and our na - vy, In all the pass-ing years, Have guard-ed well our

UNISON.

Pa - los, And there his flag un - furled; He showed a daunt-less cour - age, He
pend - ence; And nev - er was con - tent Un - til he gained such vic - t'ries As
da - tion For love and u - ni - ty; His sol-diers fought the bat - tles That
sea - coast, And kept a - way all fear; Our in - land towns and ci - ties Pro-

PARTS.

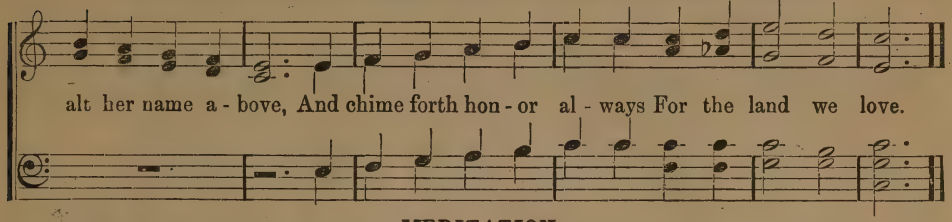
put his trust in God, And sought to find a coun-try Where white man ne'er had trod.
made our coun-try free, And shall be so for - ev - er, The Land of Lib - er - ty.
made the black man free, As - sured to ev - 'ry per - son A home with Lib - er - ty.
vid - ed all are they With church and school and safety, That shall for - ev - er stay.

CHORUS.

The land we love, . . . the land we love, The land that gives us

free - dom In the land we love; We'll sing her prais - es ev - er, Ex -

Copyright, MCMXXI, by Hall-Mack Co. International Copyright Secured.



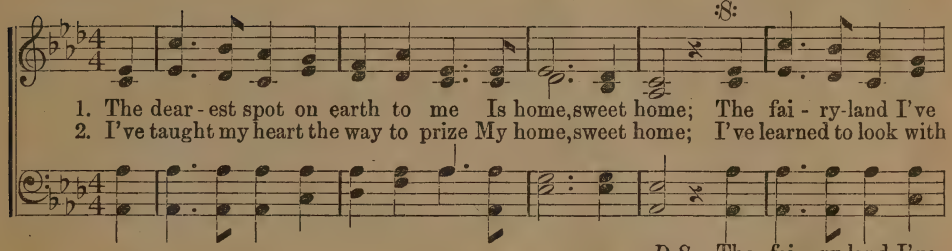
MEDITATION.

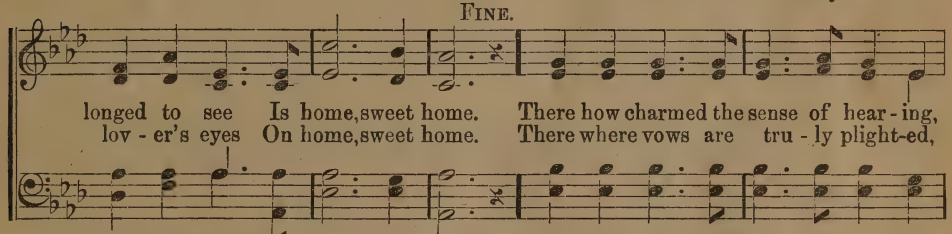
5 Our country, yes, we love thee,
And all thy people, too;
We'll show sincere devotion
By always being true;

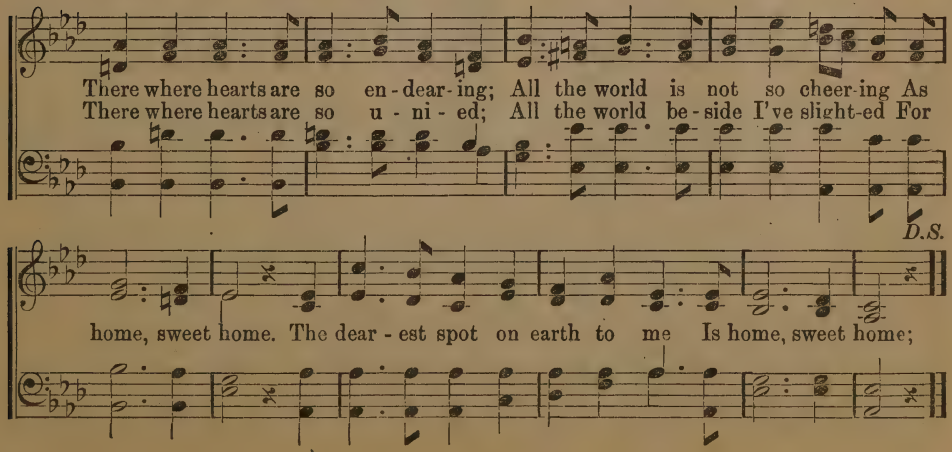
We'll love and serve thee always,
And ever faithful be
In thought and word and action,
O Land of Liberty!

The Dearest Spot On Earth.

W. T. W. W. T. WRIGHTON.







Love's Old Sweet Song.

C. Clifton Bingham. J. L. Molloy.

1. Once in the dear dead days be-yond re- call, When on the world the mist be-gan to fall,
2. E - ven to- day we hear love's song of yore, Deep in our hearts it dwells for-ev- er- more,

Out of the dreams that rose in hap-py throng, Low to our hearts love sang an old sweet song;
Footsteps may fal - ter, wea-ry grow the way, Still we can hear it at the close of day;

And in the dusk, where fell the firelight gleam, Softly it wove it-self in - to our dream.
So to the end, when life's dim shadows fall, Love will be found the sweetest song of all.

Refrain.

Just a song of twi- light, when the lights are low, And the flick-'ring shad- ows

soft - ly come and go; Tho' the heart be wea - ry, sad the day and long,

Come, Thou Almighty King.

ITALIAN HYMN. (Key G.)

1 Come, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise!
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days!

2 Come, thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend:
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

3 Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour:
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 To the great One in Three,
Eternal praises be
Hence, evermore:
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore!

—CHARLES WESLEY.

O for a Thousand Tongues!

AZMON. (Key A.)

1 O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus! The name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

—CHARLES WESLEY.

Faith of Our Fathers.

ST. CATHERINE. (Key A♭.)

1 Faith of our fathers! Living still
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword:
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word!
Faith of our fathers! Holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

2 Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, could die for thee!
Faith of our fathers! Holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

3 Faith of our fathers! We will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife:
And preach thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life:
Faith of our fathers! Holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

—FREDERICK W. FABER.

Onward, Christian Soldiers.

ST. GERTRUDE. (Key E♭.)

1 Onward, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before,
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, his banners go!

REFRAIN.

Onward, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

2 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God,
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that church prevail,
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

4 Onward, then, ye people!
Join the happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song;
Glory, laud and honor
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

—SABINE BARING-GOULD.

Kathleen Mavourneen.

F. W. N. Crouch.

Andantino.

1. Kath - leen Ma- vour- neen, the gray dawn is break - ing, The horn of the
2. Kath - leen Ma- vour- neen, a- wake from thy slum - bers; The blue moun-tains

hun - ter is heard on the hill; The lark from her light wing the
glow in the sun's gold - en light; Ah! Where is the spell that once

(*Small notes to be sung to the second verse.*)

bright dew is shak - ing; Kath-leen Ma-vour-neen, what! Slumb'ring still?
hung on my num-bers? A-rise in thy beau ty, thou star of my night; A-

con amore affette.

Kath - leen Ma-vourneen, what! Slum - b'ring still? O hast thou for-got- ten how
rise in thy beau-ty, thou star of my night! Mavourneen, Mavourneen, my

soon we must sev-er? O hast thou for- got- ten this day we must part? It
sad tears are fall-ing, To think that from E - rin and thee I must part! It

may be for years, and it may be for - ev - er; Then why art thou

semplice.

si - lent, thou voice of my heart? It may be for years, and it

may be for - ev - er; Then why art thou si - lent, Kathleen Ma-vour-neen?

Blest Be the Tie that Binds.

JOHN FAWCETT. H. G. NAGELI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;
3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual bur - dens bear,
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain.

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
But we shall still be join'd in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

Ocean's Call.

GRACE GORDON. J. LINCOLN HALL.

Sprightly.

CHO.—A-way! A-way! A-way! A-cross the dash-ing spray; A-way! A-way! A-

SOPS. AND ALTOS.

way! The o-cean's call o-bey! The flashing waves are spark-ling, the breeze is

PARTS. FINE

blithe and free; A-way! A-way! A-way! To sail the sun-lit sea!

SOP. AND ALTO.

1. Bil-lows bright are gleam-ing, Bright the dash-ing
2. O-cean's call we're heed-ing, On our way we

spray, ... White the wake is stream-ing,
sail, ... Joy-ful-ly we're speed-ing,

Copyright, MCMXXI, by Hall-Mack Co. International Copyright Secured.

Sail we on with hap - py hearts and gay. Cloud - less skies are
Hearts are glad and cour - age ne'er can fail. On our way we're

o'er us, Hope onr guide shall be, ... Fair the
wing - - ing, Sing - ing in our glee, ... Safe our

D.C.

way be - fore us, Sail - ing o'er the sea. . . . . .
ship we're bring - - ing, Sail - ing o'er the sea. . . . . .

The Farmer.

mf Allegretto.

{Shall I show you how the farm - er, Shall I show you how the farm - er,
Look, 'tis so, so that the farm - er, Look, 'tis so, so that the farm - er,

Shall I show you how the farm - er Sows his bar - ley and wheat?}
Look, 'tis so, so that the farm - er Sows his bar - ley and wheat.}

Swinging 'Neath the Old Apple Tree.

O. R. Barrows.

1. O the sports of childhood! Roaming thro' the wildwood, Running o'er the meadows,
2. Swaying in the sunbeams, Floating in the shad - ow, Sail- ing on the breez- es,
3. O the sports of childhood! Roaming thro' the wildwood, Sing-ing o'er the meadows,

hap - py and free; But my heart's a - beat - ing For the old time greet - ing,
hap - py and free; Chas-ing all our sad - ness, Shouting in our glad - ness,
hap - py and free; How my heart's a - beat - ing, Thinking of the greet - ing;

Chorus.

Swinging 'neath the old ap - ple tree. Swinging, swinging; Swinging, swinging,
Swing - ing, Swing - ing,

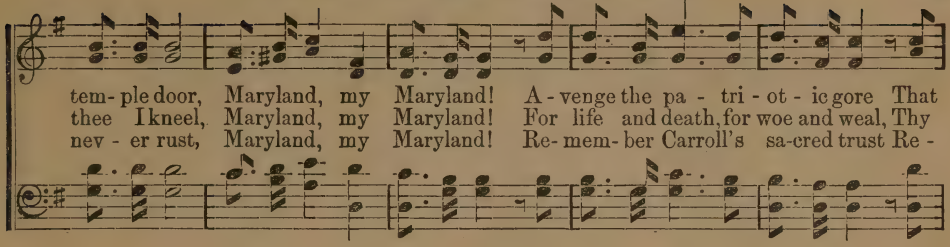
1 2

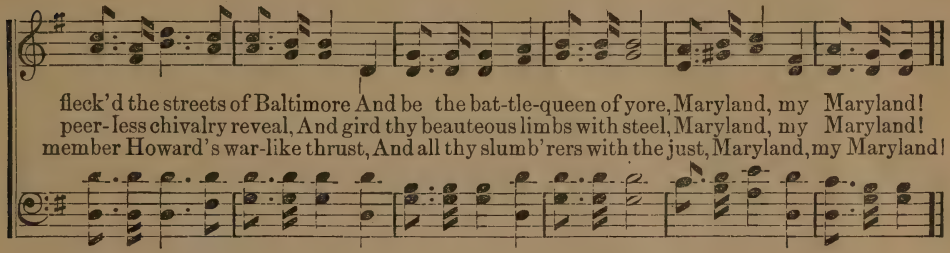
Lull-ing care to rest 'neath the old ap- ple tree. Swinging 'neath the old ap-ple tree.
Swing - ing 'neath the

My Maryland.

James R. Randall.

1. The despot's heel is on thy shore, Maryland, my Maryland! His torch is at thy
2. Hark to an ex - iled son's appeal, Maryland, my Maryland! My Mother State, to
3. Thou wilt not cow- er in the dust, Maryland, my Maryland! Thy gleaming sword shall

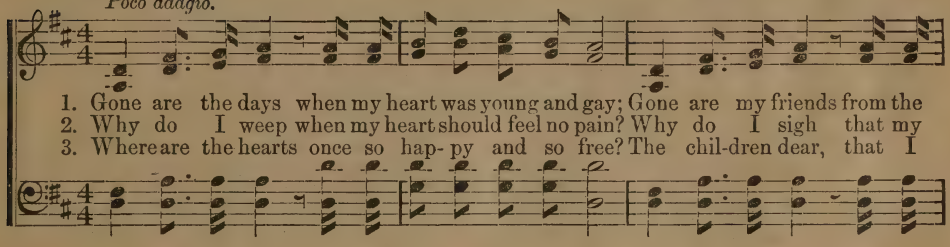


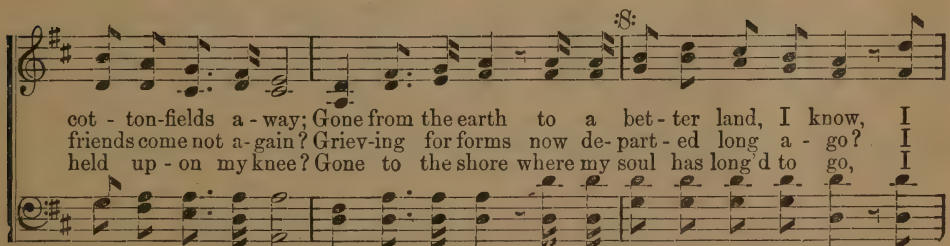


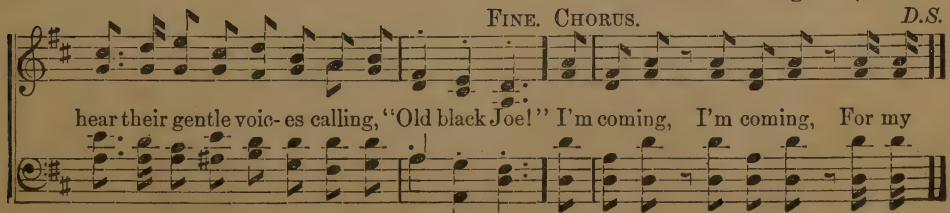
Old Black Joe.

S. C. F. STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Poco adagio.







hear their gentle voic- es calling, "Old black Joe!"

Robin Adair.

CAROLINE KEPPEL.

1. What's this dull town to me? Rob - in's not here; What was't I wish'd to see, What wish'd to hear? } Where's all the joy and mirth
2. What made th' assem-bly shine? Rob - in A - dair; What made the bell so fair? Rob - in was there; } What, when the play was o'er
3. But now thou'rt cold to me, Rob - in A - dair; But now thou'rt cold to me, Rob - in A - dair; } Yet him I lov'd so well,

That made this town a heav'n on earth? O they're all fled with thee, Rob - in A - dair.
What made my heart so sore? O it was part-ing with Rob - in A - dair.
Still in my heart shall dwell, O I can ne'er for-get Rob - in A - dair.

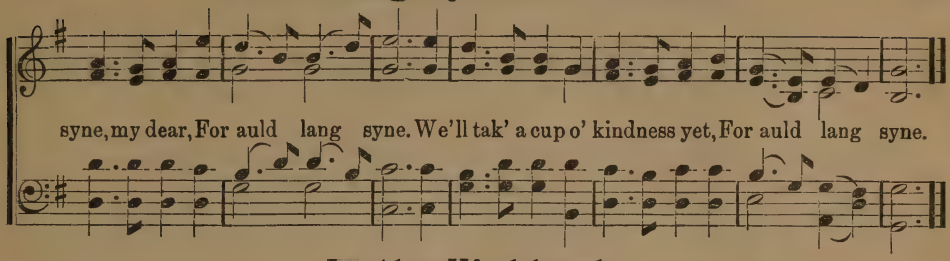
Auld Lang Syne.

ROBERT BURNS. Scotch Air.

1. Should auld ac quaintance be for - got, And nev - er brought to mind? Should
2. We twa ha'e run a - boot the braes, And pu'd the gow - ans fine, We've
3. We twa ha'e sport - ed i' the burn, Frae morn-in' sun till dine, But
4. And here's a hand, my trust - y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine, We'll

CHORUS.

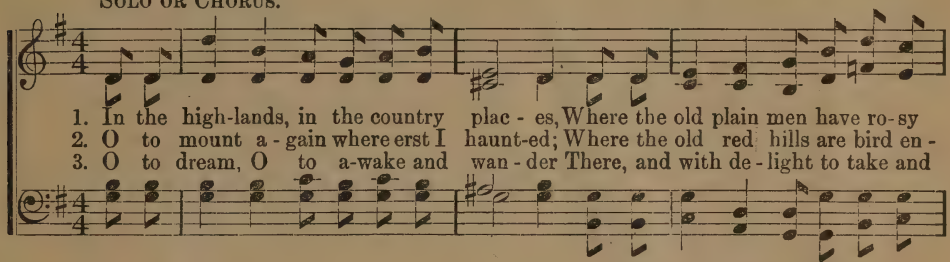
auld acquaintance be for-got, And days of auld lang syne?
wan-der'd mony a wea - ry foot Sin' auld lang syne.
seas between us braid ha'e roared Sin' auld lang syne.
tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, Sin' auld lang syne.
} For auld lang



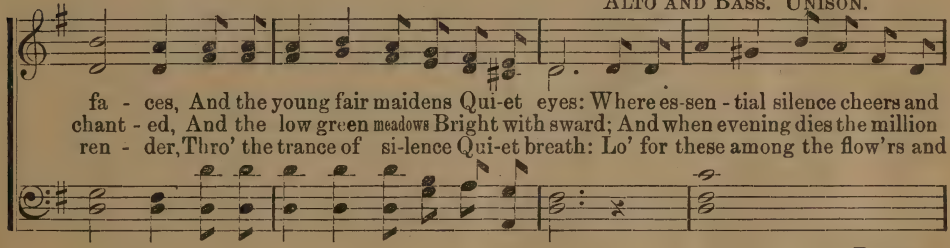
In the Highlands.

R. L. Stevenson. J. Lincoln Hall.

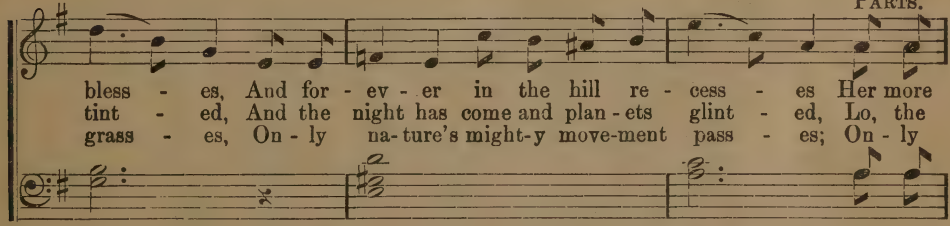
Solo or Chorus.

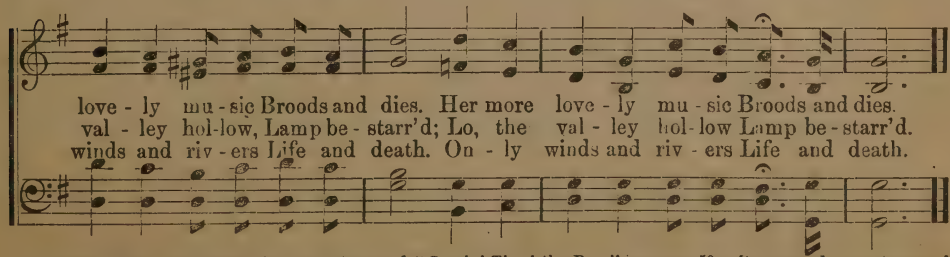


Alto and Bass. Unison.



Parts.





Note.—After first verse, sing one stanza of "Comin' Thro' the Rye," see page 58; after second, one stanza of "Robin Adair;" after third, one stanza of "Auld Lang Syne."

Copyright, MCMXXI, by Hall-Mack Co. International Copyright Secured.

The Soldier's Farewell.

JOHANNA KINKEL.

1. How can I bear to leave thee? One part - ing kiss I give thee; And
2. Ne'er more may I be - hold thee, Or to this heart en - fold thee; With
3. I think of thee with long - ing, Think thou, when tears are thronging, That

then, what- e'er be - falls me, I go where hon - or calls me. Fare -
spear and pen - non glan - cing, I see the foe ad - van- cing. Fare -
with my last faint sigh - ing, I'll whis - per soft, while dy - ing, Fare -

well, fare-well, my own true love, Fare- well, fare - well, my own true love.

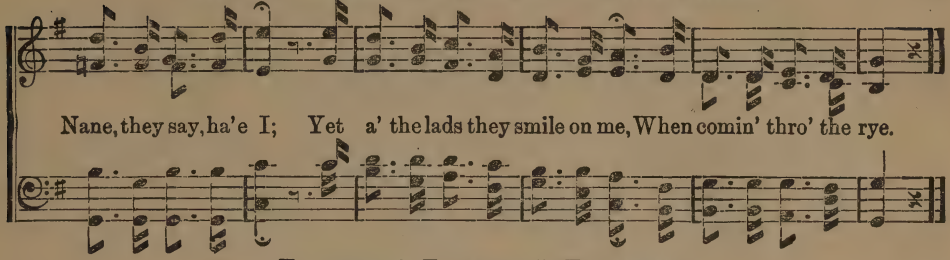
Comin' Thro' the Rye.

ROBERT BURNS. *Lively.* Scotch Air.

1. If a bod- y meet a bod - y, Com-in' thro' the rye, If a bod - y
2. If a bod- y meet a bod - y, Com-in' frae the town, If a bod - y
3. Amang the train there is a swain I dear- ly love my- sel'; But what's his name, or

CHORUS.

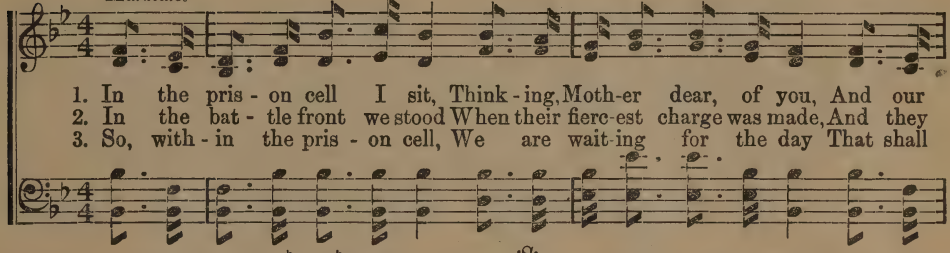
kiss a bod - y, Need a bod - y cry?
greet a bod - y, Need a bod - y frown?
where's his hame, I din - na choose to tell.
} Ev - 'ry las - sie has her lad-die,

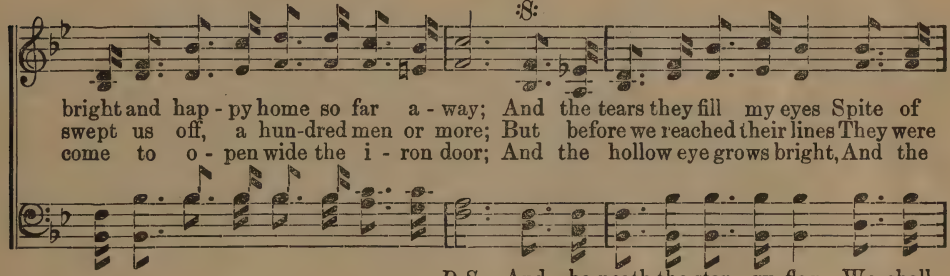


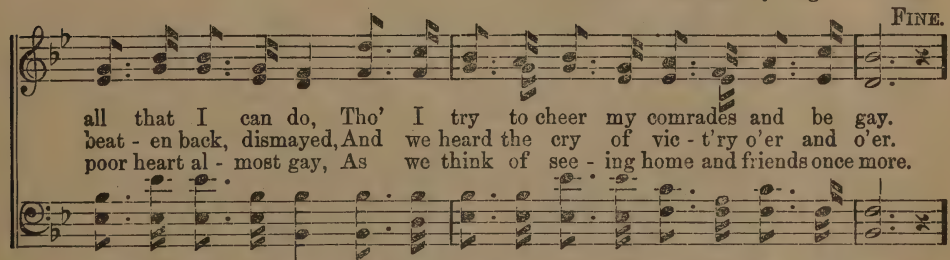
Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

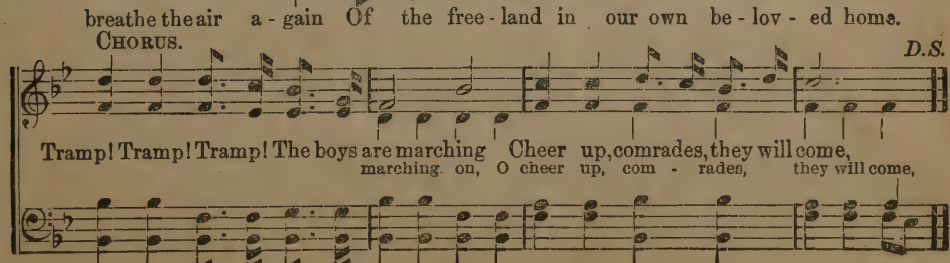
G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT.

Marziale.









Childhood's Hours.

FLORA L. KOERNER. R. M. STULTS.

Moderato. *f*

1. The days of childhood are but rounds Of golden hours complete, So tell me then, my
2. And some prefer the later hours, Which to the schoolhouse call, For rich and gold-en
3. Per-haps the ver - y best of all Is twilight's golden hour; The time that's neither

mf

comrades true, Which think you is most sweet? Now some pre-fer the early dawn, When
fruits they bear, When spent in wisdom's hall; They are the hours that make great men, Which
day or night, Has such a mys - tic pow'r; 'Tis then I sit at mother's feet, And

f

all is fresh and pure, The bright and early hours of morn, Which un - to na-ture lure.
show us things unknown, They are the hours in which bright hope And seeds of truth are sown.
list to stor-ies true, And O I mourn that these sweet hours, Should be so very few.

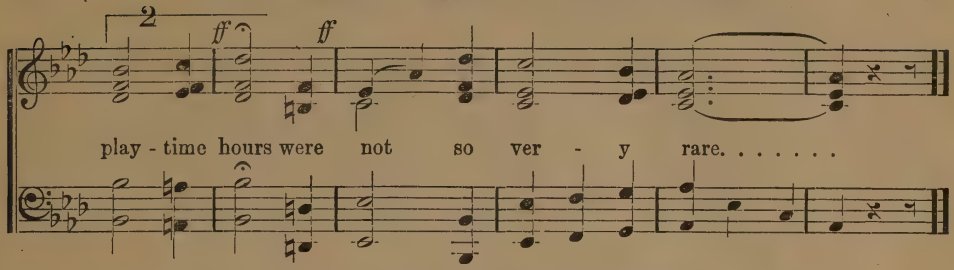
CHORUS. UNISON. *f*

But { still I love the play - time hours, When studies all are done, . . .
{ romp and play and grow so strong, Know naught of grief or care, . . .

1

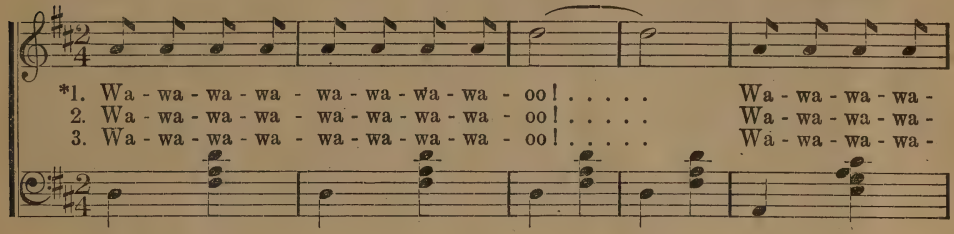
And O my com-rades, I tell you, Those are the hours for fun, ... We
O would that these sweet (*Omit*.....)

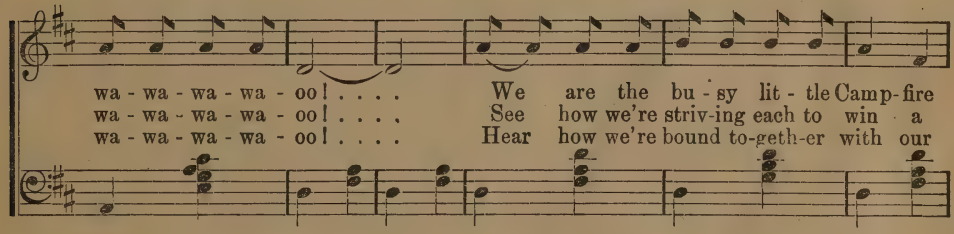
Copyright, MCMXXI, by Hall-Mack Co. International Copyright Secured.

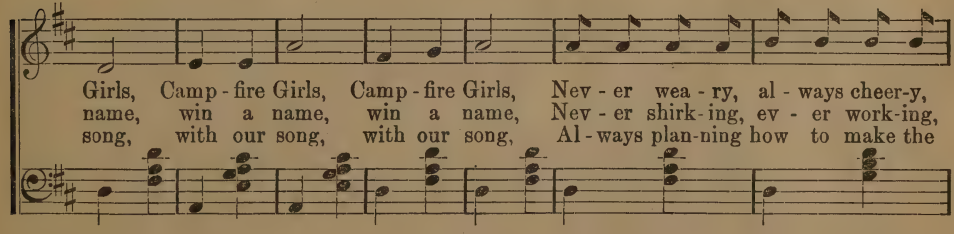


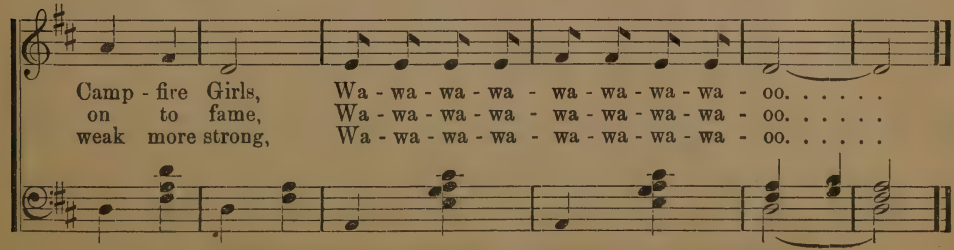
The Camp-Fire Girls.

S. G. F. SALLIE G. FITZGERALD.









Copyright, MCMXXI, by Hall-Mack Co. International Copyright Secured.

* Made by clapping hand over mouth.

Holy, Holy, Holy.

REGINALD HEBER. Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God al-might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God al-might - y! All Thy works shall

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and sera - phim
praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,

mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in three per - sons, bless - ed trin - i - ty!
fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
Lord God al-might - y! God in three per - sons, bless - ed trin - i - ty!

Love Divine, All Love Excelling.

CHARLES WESLEY. JOHN ZUNDEL.

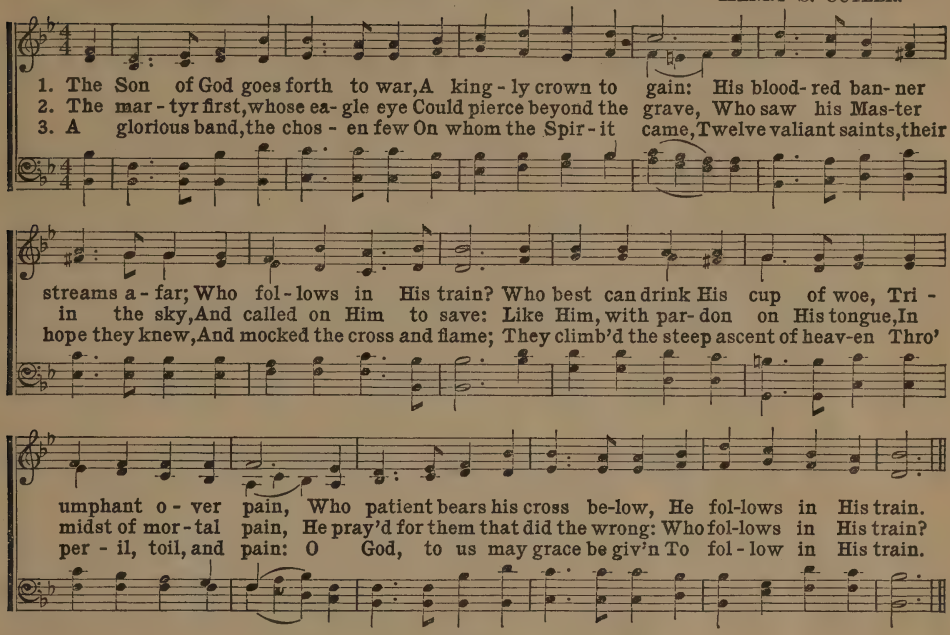
1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us Thy
2. Come, Al-might - y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy life re - ceive; Sud - den - ly re -
3. Fin - ish, then, Thy new cre - a - tion; Pure and spot - less let us be; Let us see Thy

hum - ble dwelling; All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown. Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion,
turn, and nev - er, Nev - er - more Thy tem - ples leave; Thee we would be al - ways bless - ing,
great sal - va - tion Per - fect - ly re - stored in Thee. Chang'd from glory in - to glo - ry,

Pure, unbounded love Thou art; Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion; En - ter ev'ry trembling heart.
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above, Pray and praise Thee without ceasing, Glory in Thy perfect love.
Till in heav'n we take our place, Till we cast our crowns before Thee, Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

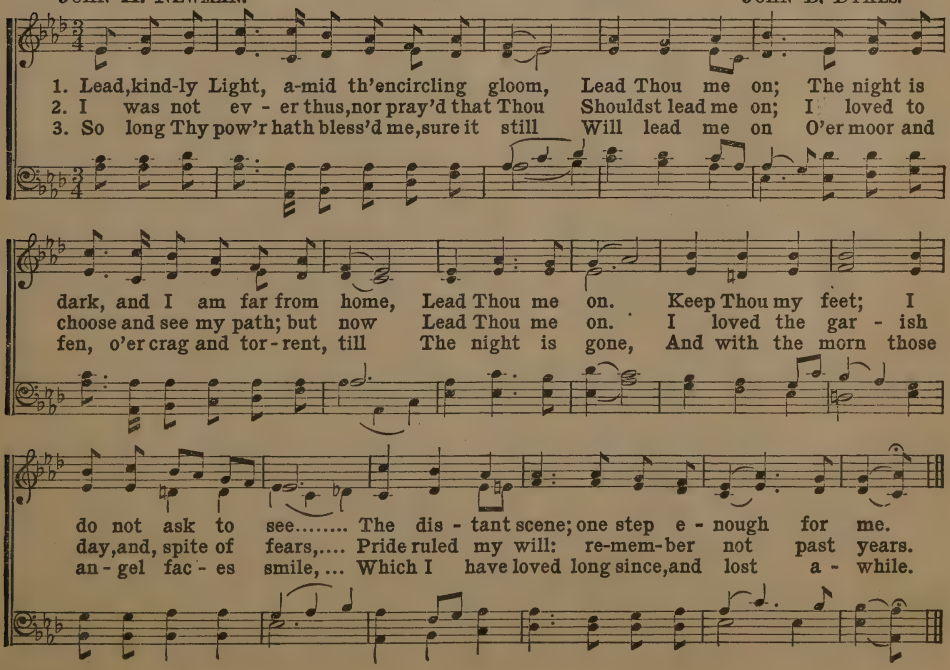
The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

REGINALD HEBER. HENRY S. CUTLER.



Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN H. NEWMAN. JOHN B. DYKES.



The Little Brook.

G. L. H. GRACE L. HOSMER.

1. The lit - tle brook runs in and out, And in and out, and 'round a bout, It
2. At night, when lit - tle chil drèn sleep, When on - ly ti - ny crea-tures creep, The

rip-ples on and seems to say, "'Tis ev - er thus I run a - way." By
lit - tle brook still runs a-long, Still sings its pret - ty rip-pling song, The

day where blows the warm sun-shine, Where flow-ers bloom and grass-es twine, Where
stars look down and look-ing see Their fac - es laugh - ing mer - ri - ly, And

song is heard and flut t'ring wing, There brook and bird to - geth - er sing.
if the twink - ling stars but knew The lit - tle brook is laugh-ing too!

Copyright, MCMXXI, by Hall-Mack Co. International Copyright Secured.

The Acorn.

S. G. F. SALLIE G. FITZGERALD.

1. Drop! Drop! Down to the ground, Let the brown
2. Deep! Deep! Down you must go, Hid - ing your
3. Grow! Grow! Aim for the sky, Out - ward and

Copyright, MCMXXI, by Hall-Mack Co. International Copyright Secured.

a - corn so hard and so round, Roll, ... roll, ...
root - lets from win - ter's cold snow, Spread, . . spread, . . .
up - ward, you can't go too high, O . . . . . O . . . . . .

o - ver the lea, Seek-ing the spot where your home is to be.
un - der the soil, Noth-ing is build - ed with - out hon- est toil.
what mys - ter - y, Has made the a - corn a stur - dy oak tree!

Vacation Days Are Here.

J. C. Johnson.

Allegretto. mf

1. { Ho, ho, va - ca - tion days are here, Tra la, tra la, tra la!
We wel-come them with right good cheer, Tra la, tra la, tra la! }
2. { Ho, ho, the hill, the wood, the dale, Tra la, tra la, tra la!
The lake on which we used to sail, Tra la, tra la, tra la! }

In wis-dom's halls we love to be, But yet 'tis pleas - ant to be free.
We greet thee all with right good cheer, In thought unchang'd a - gain we're here.

Ho, ho, va - ca - tion days are here, Tra la, tra la, tra la!
Ho, ho, the hill, the wood, the dale, Tra la, tra la, tra la!

Where the Gray Goose Hid Her Nest.

G. L. H. GRACE L. HOSMER.

1. 'Way down in the mead-ow we found to-day Where the gray goose had hid-den her nest a-way! Low un-der a bush 'mid the grass-es high, Where no one could see her in pass-ing by.
2. So clev-er is she, for what do you think! When she goes from her nest seek-ing food or drink, She cov-ers her eggs with the great-est care, With feath-ers and grass while she leaves them there.
3. Some day there will be such a grand sur-prise! How the geese in the farm-yard will o-pen their eyes! When she comes from the mead-ow so proud and fine, With her ten lit-tle gos-lings all in a line!

REFRAIN.

Where the grass-es are sway-ing, 'Neath a bush where the wee birds rest;
Where the soft winds are play-ing, There the gray goose has hidden her nest!

Copyright, MCMXXI, by Hall-Mack Co. International Copyright Secured.

Growing Every Day.

S. B. S. S. B. STAMBAUGH.

1. Ask the pret - ty flow - ers that are deck - ing all your way, How they get their
2. Ask the might - y for - est how it gets the stur - dy trees, How their brooks be-
3. Ask the birds a - flit - ting 'round you thro' the sun - lit air, How they get the

matchless bloom to crown the sum - mer day, How they get their perfume spray'd in-
come the riv - ers flow - ing to the seas, Ask the or - chard how the nec - tar
mel - o - dy they're spill - ing ev - 'ry - where, How the rob - in paints the gold - en -

to the gen - tle breeze, They will glad - ly an - swer you "by grow - ing, if you please."
charms the hon - ey bees, They will glad - ly an - swer you "by grow - ing, if you please."
red up - on the breast, They will glad - ly an - swer you "by grow - ing, if you please."

CHORUS.

Grow - ing something ev'ry day, Throw - ing i - dle - ness a - way,
Grow - ing, grow - ing some - thing ev - ry day, Al - ways throwing i - dle - ness a - way,

Grow - ing with a will - ing heart, Ev - er read - y to do our part.
Grow - ing, grow - ing with a heart,

Copyright, MCMXXI, by Hall-Mack Co. International Copyright Secured.

The Little Creature's Dance.

G. L. H. GRACE L. HOSMER.

Not fast.

1. When all the world is fast a-sleep, and no one is a-bout,
2. Their pret-ty eyes are shin-ing bright, their lit-tle paws out spread,

The ti-ny crea-tures of the wood come gen-tly steal-ing out,
The while the meas-ure of their dance the ti-ny crea-tures tread,

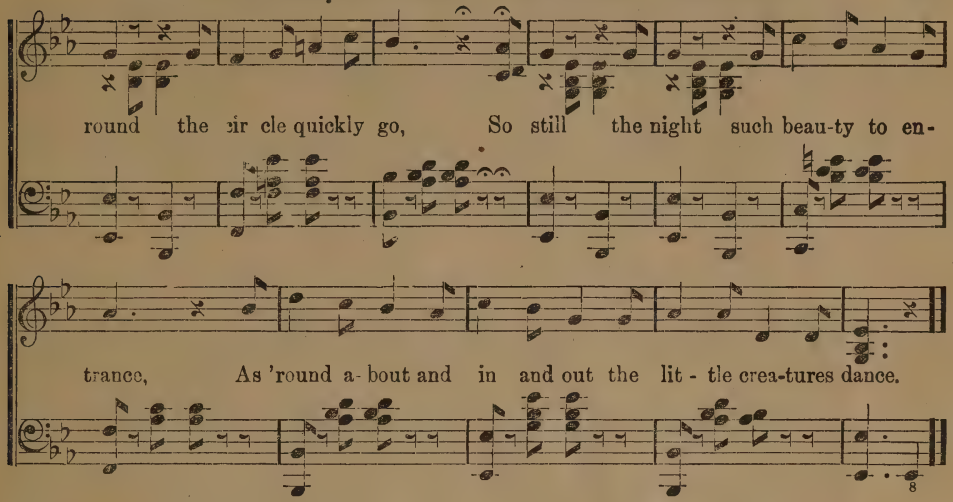
And while thro' leaf-y boughs a-bove the kind-ly moon-beams glance,
Now would you like to see them there? Per-haps you may by chance,

A-round a-bout and in and out, the lit-tle crea-tures dance.
As 'round a-bout and in and out, the lit-tle crea-tures dance.

CHORUS.

They dance, they dance, now for-ward, backward, so, And then a-

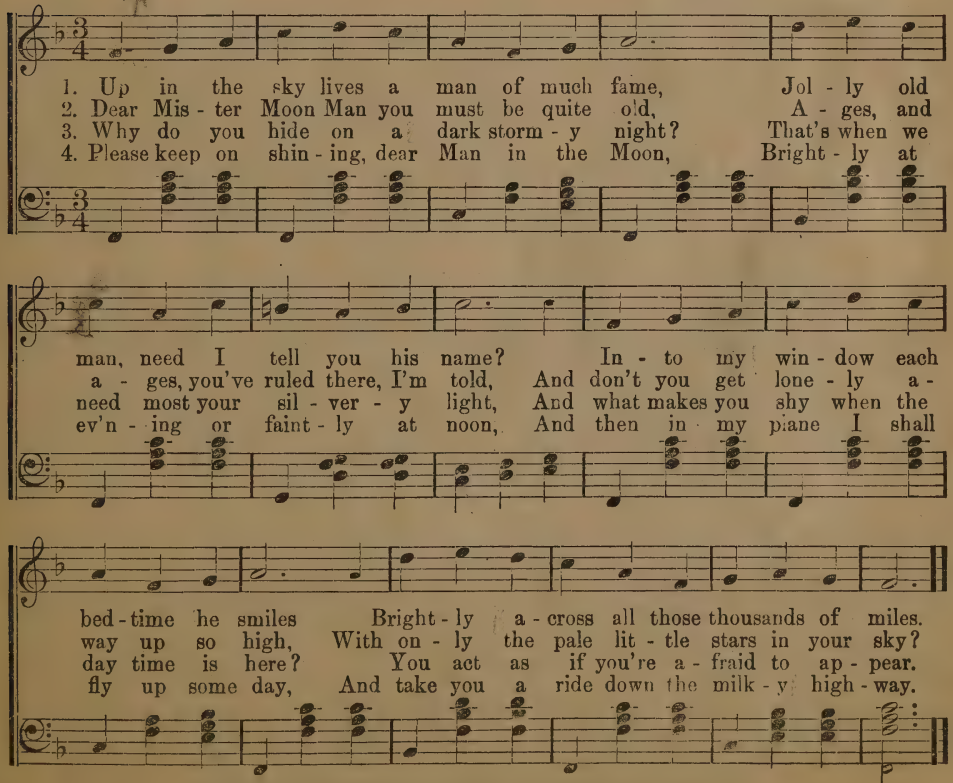
Copyright, MCMXXI, by Hall-Mack Co. International Copyright Secured.



The Moon Man.

S. G. F.

SALLIE G. FITZGERALD.



Copyright, MCMXXI, by Hall-Mack Co. International Copyright Secured.

Joytime of the Year.

G. L. S. GRACE L. HOSMER.

1. Why is it the birds thro' all the day are sing - ing? Why are bees and
2. Why is it the sun a - ris - es O so ear - ly, When the dew-drops

but - ter - flies so gai - ly wing - ing? Why do lit - tle chil-dren play
on the grass are fresh and pearl - y? What is it the ti - ny wren

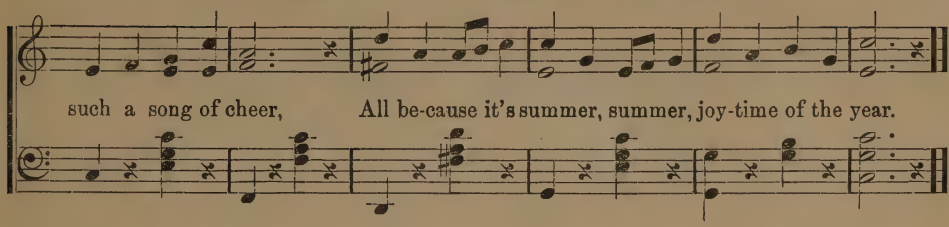
Laughing, shouting all the day? "We are hap-py," hear them say, "For summer's here!"
Warbles o'er and o'er again? Don't you know? Just listen then, 'Tis "summer's here!"

REFRAIN.

Lit - tle streamlet flow ing, flowing, laugh-ing on your way; Hap- py breez- es

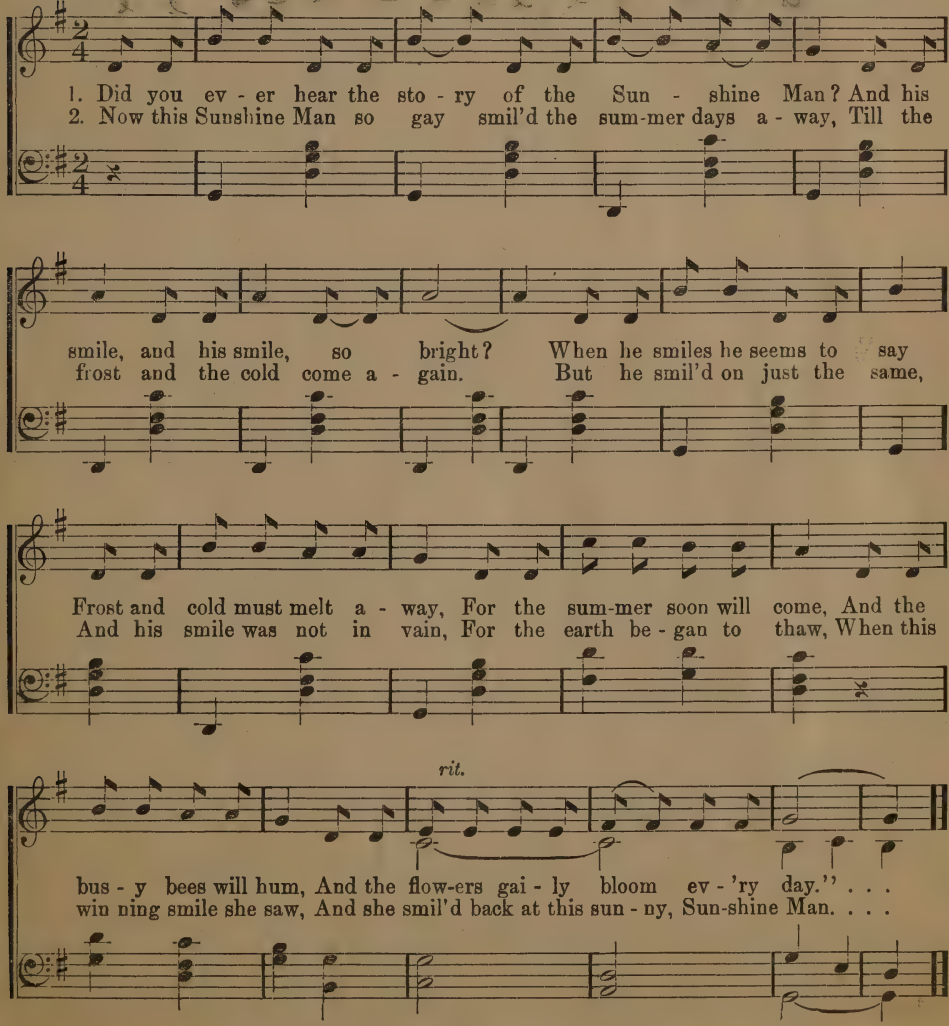
blow-ing, blowing all the sun - ny day; Birds a - bove are sing-ing, sing-ing

Copyright, MCMXXI, by Hall-Mack Co. International Copyright Secured.



The Sunshine Man.

S. G. F. SALLIE G. FITZGERALD.



Copyright, MCMXXI, by Hall-Mack Co. International Copyright Secured.

Night Sailing.

A. G. ADAM GEIBEL.

Moderato. *f*

1. Weigh the an - chor, weigh the an - chor, We're off for a pleas- ant sail,
2. Weigh the an - chor, weigh the an - chor, We're off for a night of fun,

In the soft moon-light when the stars are bright, And the breez - es blow no
We will laugh and sing, and our voic - es ring As a - down the tide we

gale, ... And the breez-es blow no gale. Tra la la, Tra la
run, ... As a - down the tide we run, Tra la la, Tra la

Tra la la,

la, Tra la la, Tra la la. . . . .

Tra la la, Tra la la, Tra la la.....

REFRAIN. *Allegretto.* *mp*

Our hearts are gay and our spir - its light, As

La la la, La la la, La la la, La la la,

La la la la

Copyright, MCMXXI, by Adam Geibel Music Co. International Copyright Secured.

o'er the lake-let we skim to-night: We're free from work, and we

La la la, La la la, La la la, La la la. La la la, La la la,

la la la la la la

have no care, So let's sail on in the soft, still air, We

La la la, La la la, La la la,

la la la la,

p *pp* *f*

sail, ... We sail, ... We

We sail, we sail,

sail, we sail, in the bright moon-light, We sail o'er the pla - cid

lake. . . . . .

dim. *p* *pp*

lake, we'll sail a - way, we'll sail a - way. . . . . .

lake, ... we sail a - way.

The Glory of Morn.

A. G. ADAM GEIBEL.

f The glo - ry of morn, ... The glo - ry of morn, ... The glo - ry of morn, ... The glo - ry of morn, ... The glo - ry of morn is break-ing o'er the way, And the sun bursts forth to greet the new - born day.

mp { O'er . . . . . the east - ern hills, ... The gold - en Skies . . . . . of a - zure hue . . . . . Look on the { O'er the east - ern hills, O'er the east - ern hills, Skies of a - zure hue, Skies of a - zure hue,

sun . . . . . is now ap - pear - - - ing. world . . . . . with smiles so cheer - - - ing. The gold - en sun is now ap - pear - ing. Look on the world with smiles so cheer - ing.

Copyright, MCMXXI, by Adam Geibel Music Co. International Copyright Secured.

1

Spring . . . . . is in the air, ... And joy - ous

Spring is in the air, Spring is in the air,

2

f

birds their notes pro - long. . . . Wake, ... O world, a-

pro - long. Wake, O world, a - wake!

Go to Coda, after D S ⊕

wake! . . . . . And join with na - ture in her song. . . . . .

Wake, O world a - wake! her joy - ous song.

p

Let us forth and spend the day . . . . . In wood land

and spend the day

shade . . . . . and moss - y dell, ... Where the

In wood - land shade and moss - y dell.

The Glory of Morn.—Concluded.

cres.

flow - ing streamlets play, ... The place of all we love so well.

Where streamlets play,

p

Then when even - ing shad - ows fall, ... And in the

when shad - ows fall,

f

west . . . . . fades out the light, ... Home-ward then we'll

And in the west fades out the light,

wend our way, And to the woods, and to the woods, And to the

mp And to the woods, and to the woods,

D.C. CODA. *ritard.* *ff*

woods we'll say good - night. . . . A-wake, O world, a - wake! . . .

*Over the Fields at Early Morn.

RICHARD HENRY BUCK. ADAM GEIBEL.

Allegro.

mf

Hil-ly - ho! hil-ly - ho! hil-ly - ho! . . . . . hil-ly -

hil - ly ho!

ho, ...

f

ho! hil-ly ho! hil-ly ho! hil-ly ho! hil-ly ho! hil-ly ho! hil-ly ho! hil-ly ho!

:8:

mf

O - ver the fields at ear - ly morn, ... Mer - ri - ly

O . ver the fields at ear - ly morn,

f

sounds the hun - ter's horn, ... Sing - ing a

Mer - ri - ly sounds the hun - ter's horn,

Tra la la,

song of joy and glee, Chil - dren of wood and field are we;

* Published in Octavo, six staves, piano accompaniment. Price, 16 cents.

Copyright, MCMIII, by Geibel & Lehman. International Copyright Secured.
Assigned, MCMVI, to Adam Geibel Music Co.

Over the Fields at Early Morn.—Continued.

la,.....

Tra la, la, la, Chil-dren of wood and field are we;

On - ward we

mf

with bag and gun, of sport and fun, Woo - ing the

go..... Off for a day.....

lair,.....

f

co - ney from its lair, Woo-ing the co - ney from its lair, O - ver the

fields, o - ver the fields so fair. . . . . O - ver the fields, the

FINE.

{ O - - ver the fields at ear - ly
{ On with the hounds, now set them

mf

fields so fair. . . . . { O - ver the fields at ear - ly morn,
{ On with the hounds, now set them free,

morn, ... Laugh - ing the woes of life to
free, ... Chil - dren of wood and field are

O - ver the fields at ear - ly morn, Laughing the woes of life to scorn,
On with the hounds, now set them free, Chil-dren of wood and field are we,

scorn ..... Breath - ing the brac - ing win - ter
we; ..... On! for the game we seek is

Laughing the woes of life to scorn, Breathing the brac-ing, win - ter air, the
Chil-dren of wood and field are we, On! for the game we seek is there, The

air; .....
there, ...

1

dim.

brac-ing win - ter air, This is the life, the life beyond com-pare; . . . . . .
game we seek is there, O-ver the fields, (*Omit* .....)

2

the fields so fair; . . . . the fields so fair,

mf

the fields so fair, . . . the fields so

mf *mf* *cres.* *poco.* *rit.* *D.S.*

the fields so fair, O - ver the fields at ear - ly morn. . . .

fair, . . .

INDEX

	PAGE
A Country Life for Me	3
America for Me	42
America, the Beautiful	33
Are You Sleeping?	35
At Evening When I Go to Bed	17
At Sea	9
Auld Lang Syne	56
Autumn Song	16
Battle Hymn of the Republic	43
Better Times Are Waiting	20
Beware	41
Blest Be the Tie That Binds	51
Childhood's Hours	60
Coasting Days Are Come	10
Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean	43
Columbus Crossed the Ocean	30
Come, Thou Almighty King	49
Comin' Thro' the Rye	58
Faith of Our Fathers	49
Flower Bells	13
Forth We Go	34
Good Morning	5
Graduation Song	40
Growing Every Day	67
Hark! The Herald Angels Sing	45
Hearing Things at Night	18
Hike Along	24
Holy, Holy, Holy	62
Home Again	27
Homeward	22
In the Highlands	57
In the Merry Month of May	48
I Want to Go to College	38
Joytime of the Year	70
Juniata	26
Kathleen Mavourneen	50
Laugh a Little Bit	8
Lead, Kindly Light	63
Love Divine, All Love Excelling	62
Love's Old Sweet Song	32
My Bed is Like a Little Boat	17
My Country, 'Tis of Thee	2
My Maryland	54
New Year Bells	37
Night of Moonlight	4
Night Sailing	72
O For a Thousand Tongues	49
O Little Town	44
Ocean's Call	52
Old Black Joe	55
Old Glory, We Love Thee	15
Onward, Christian Soldiers	49
Over the Fields at Early Morn	77
Pennsylvania	Inside Back Cover
Robin Adair	56
Row, Row, Row Your Boat	35
Silent Night! Holy Night!	44
Smile, Smile, Smile	25
Speed Away	21
Swinging 'Neath the Old Apple Tree	54
The Acorn	64
The Air Patrol	12
The Camp-Fire Girls	61
The Dearest Spot on Earth	31
The Farmer	53
The Girl Across the Aisle	46
The Glory of Morn	74
The Grasshopper and the Miller	14
The Lame Crane	35
The Last Rose of Summer	26
The Lesson of the Sun	28
The Little Brook	64
The Little Creature's Dance	68
The Mill Wheel	6
The Moon Man	69
The Sleeping Flowers	39
The Soldier's Farewell	58
The Son of God Goes Forth to War	63
The Spider and the Fly	35
The Star-Spangled Banner	2
The Sunshine Man	71
There Were Three Crows	29
To the North Pole	35
Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!	59
Twilight Bells	23
Vacation Days Are Here	65
When You're Afloat	11
Where the Gray Goose Hid Her Nest	66
While the Morning Bells	19
Who is Sylvia?	7
Will-o'-the-Wisp	36
Woodman, Spare That Tree	47

Pennsylvania.

J. W. Y. J. W. Yoder.

1. Pennsyl- va-nia for- ev - er, Wonderful Keystone State; Beau-ti- ful, rugged glorious,
2. Freedom kneels at thy al-tars, Peace is thy cor- ner- stone; Lib-erty gurads thy ramparts,
3. Valleys, meadows and hill sides Waving with ripening grain, Feed all the hap-py millions,
4. Thou who rulest the na-tions, Author of lib - er - ty; Keep us in sa- cred nearness,

Fashioned sub-lime and great. Verdure-clad hills and mountains, Rich with a - bun - dant
Learning and culture thy throne. Valley Forge bled for the na - tion, Gettysburg rescued the
Toiling with hand or with brain. Fac-tories, mills and railroads, Dai- ly their an - them
Hon - or and u - ni - ty; Fill thou our store with abundance, Guard us from famine and

Chorus.

store; Tower in grandeur si - lent, Battlements ev- er - more.
slave; Brother-ly love the slogan, Rousing the strong and brave.
raise; Crowning our land with plenty, Filling our hearts with praise.
foe; Wisdom and mercy and justice, On all our rul-ers be-stow.
} Penn-syl - va - nia,

na - tive land, Penn - syl - va - nia dear and grand; Endless praise we give to thee,

rit.

Service, val-or and loy - al - ty; Hail all hail to the flag and Pennsyl - va - nia.

Copyright, MCMXIII, by J. W. Yoder.

DATE DUE

Gaylord
PAMPHLET BINDER
Syracuse, N. Y.
Stockton, Calif.

MHL SOUTH WING

M
784.1
Y54ℓ
SWing
M24196

The Lyric : A collection of 49 new songs, 21 community songs, 12 standard hymns... etc. / [by J. W. Yoder & H. J. Taylor]. -- Philadelphia : Hall-Mack Co., 1921. 79 p. : music ; 22 cm.

784.1 Y54L c.1
047
100230
The Lyric : A collection of 49
3 9310 02106216 9
MENNONITE HISTORICAL LIBRARY

InGoM 20 JAN 83 9146837 IMHLpc